THE PURSUIT OF SALLY

And the New Professor In the Woman's College.

By LOUISE OSBORN.

"They'll never think of looking for us here in the grove at this time." Sally Purdon looked anxiously over her shoulder with less confidence than her words implied.

"But what if they don't find us?" asked Julia breathlessly, trying to keep pace with her companion. "If we aren't able to get back to the village in time for the dinner that won't help us very much."

"We'll manage to get back all right," said Sally, looking critically through the trees at the fading light of the autumn sun. "It will be dark enough soon for us to make a dash out through the other end of the grove, through one of the farms, and from there we can get to the village from the upper end. The sophomores won't expect us in that direction."

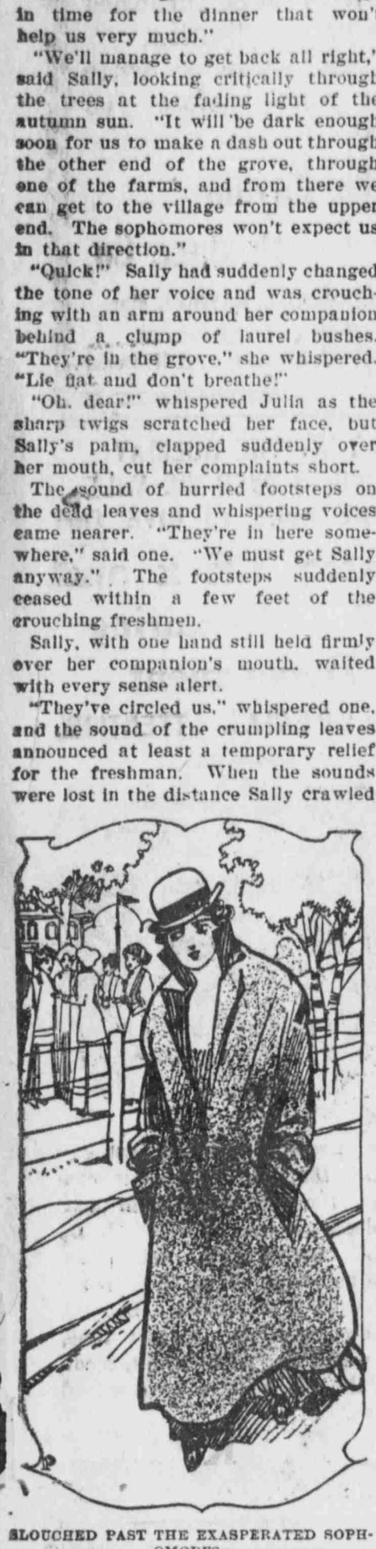
"Quick!" Sally had suddenly changed the tone of her voice and was crouching with an arm around her companion behind a clump of laurel bushes. "They're in the grove," she whispered. "Lie flat and don't breathe!"

"Oh, dear!" whispered Julia as the sharp twigs scratched her face, but Sally's palm, clapped suddenly over her mouth, cut her complaints short.

The sound of hurried footsteps on the dead leaves and whispering voices came nearer. "They're in here somewhere," said one. "We must get Sally anyway." The footsteps suddenly ceased within a few feet of the crouching freshmen.

Sally, with one hand still held firmly over her companion's mouth, waited with every sense alert.

"They've circled us," whispered one, and the sound of the crumpling leaves announced at least a temporary relief for the freshman. When the sounds were lost in the distance Sally crawled



SLOUCHED PAST THE EXASPERATED SOPHOMORES.

carefully from the bushes, dragging her friend, limp and distracted, with her.

"I can't move a step," Julia begged. "I'm so dreadfully frightened."

"Fiddlesticks, Julia," said Sally, with scorn. "Why, if the girls had known you were such a baby they would never have elected you vice president."

"Oh, I wish they hadn't. It's dreadful. Do they steal just the officers?"

"Of course. Just me and you and the treasurer and the secretary," Sally explained. "You ought to be proud to be worth stealing. Let's make a dash for the farm now before they come back." Argument having failed, Sally tried to carry her friend by main force. "Quick!" she urged. "They're coming."

The returning footsteps only made the timid vice president more stolid. "I can't move!" she moaned.

Suddenly the figure of a sophomore sprang from behind the shadows of the trees. Julia started to scream.

"Silence!" commanded the sophomore in mock solemnity.

The plucky little freshman president let go her hold on her helpless friend, dodged the attempted grasp of a second sophomore who had appeared on the scene and ran with a sure foot and a steady pulse through the dark grove toward the farm and the open country beyond. She leaped skillfully over a fence, dashed down a country lane, crept under a hedge and found herself on the open highway that led to the village.

It was now about 6 o'clock, and she had half an hour to make her way through the ranks and traps of the vigilant sophomores to her expectant classmates awaiting her in gala attire at one of the village tea rooms. Freshmen presidents had evaded sophomores before and reached their class banquets, but they had been disguised as peddlers or smuggled in tied up in laundry bags or wrapped in burlaps and delivered from caterers' wagons hours before the banquet.

"I'll just have to trust to luck and my own muscle," thought Sally, with undaunted nerve, as she walked along the country road.

But when, as she rounded the last corner and turned into the village street, she heard the sound of quick footsteps behind the hedge at her side she felt a fatiguing sense of defeat.

"There she is," she heard some one call, and Sally made a sudden cut across the street and dashed through the campus gate into the protecting shadow of one of the college buildings. Safe for a moment, she crouched along the wall to the corner of the building. Then, with head bent forward, she made another quick turn and rushed headlong into—

With a quick sense of relief it came to her that sophomores didn't wear overcoats. It was only a professor.

"Excuse me," she said, trying to speak as if butting head first into professors was an everyday occurrence.

"Sally!" he said, and for a moment the plucky freshman president lost her pluck and forgot all about the pursuing sophomores and the expectant classmates.

"Stephen Dray," she gasped, "how could you?"

"How could I what? Didn't you know I was here?" The man stood before her in bewilderment.

"How could I? Why, I didn't even know that you knew I was here," she stammered, trying to make herself clear. "Oh, you are the most unreasonable man in the world. Did you come today?"

"Come today, Sally! Why, I'm a professor here. I thought I'd try to bury myself here with my books and forget"—

"Oh," said Sally in surprise, "and I came here to get my degree." She wrung her hands with impatience. "Stephen, you are so inconsiderate. You ought to have known that I'd want to come here to college. And I was having such a nice time, and now you're going to spoil it all. Why will you be so persistent?"

"You can jolly well change your mind about my persistence, Sally. Why"—he clutched his hands helplessly at his side—"why, Sally, I—I shan't even speak to you—only, of course, as an instructor."

"An instructor? Stephen, are you really an instructor?" Sally laughed a funny little laugh that made Stephen wince. "Well, I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Instructor, for butting into you."

The sound of the exasperating sophomores urged Sally on. "Goodby, Stephen," she said, but Stephen detained her with an outstretched hand.

"Just once, Sally"— he began. "Do you want me to chuck the whole thing and get away?"

"Why, no; of course not!" she assured him, preoccupied with the sound of the approaching voices. She hurried past him and crouched down. Then, with a sudden determination, she whispered, "Stephen!"

He turned and came back.

"Help me, Stephen," Sally whispered, rising to her feet. "They're after me—the sophomores. You're not an instructor now; you're just Stephen. Please"—her hands clutched his arm convulsively—"please get me to the banquet, and I'll"—

Stephen, mindful of his own not far distant college days, caught the situation in a flash. "Get down!" he commanded. "Lie as flat as you can." Sally obeyed, and Stephen threw his ample overcoat over her. Then, bending down, he began to examine the bark of a tree a few feet away.

The sophomores, completely mystified by the sudden disappearance of their prey and not daring to make known the object of their quest to a professor, hurried by. "I thought he was the new English instructor," Stephen heard one of the sophomores exclaim, "but he seems to be doing botany experiments."

Two minutes later Stephen left the tree and came cautiously over to Sally. "I guess I can dash down to the tea room now," suggested Sally from beneath the coat.

Stephen had other plans. "Here!" he ordered, lifting her up and tucking her hands into the sleeves of the overcoat. "Can you tie your hair down so that it will go into my hat?" And, while Sally worked with sure fingers pinning down her disheveled hair, the instructor began unlacing his heavy boots.

"The coat is long enough to cover your dress, and the collar turned up will come to your ears, and the hat pulled down will cover your forehead. Sit down a second while I fasten these over your shoes. You can walk a little way with the two pairs, I fancy."

The shoes fastened and the hat drawn down, Sally jumped to her feet with a thrill of victory, and, without stopping to consider the plight of the bootless Stephen, hurried bravely on to the banquet and slouched past the exasperated sophomores like some weary tramp.

The next day curiosity was rife. "How on earth did Sally Purdon evade the sophomores?" asked the upper class men, and the freshmen, knowing the manner of her disguise, asked in vain for the name of the one who furnished her forth so generously. "It was a miracle," Sally told them, with a twinkle in her eye that only increased their curiosity.

Two days later Sally encountered Stephen in the campus.

"Stephen," she exclaimed, "it was the biggest freshman triumph in years." She laughed with enthusiasm and gratitude. "But I don't just know how to get your things back again. Perhaps I could drop them out of my window some night and"—

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted Stephen, disregarding the fact that he was wearing a borrowed hat and shivering for the want of a coat. "What I want to know is what you started to say you'd do if I saw you through."

"Oh!" gasped Sally in alarm. "Didn't you know? And maybe you wouldn't have done it if you had known."

"Sally Purdon," Stephen asked almost severely, "will you marry me or won't you?"

"Stephen Dray," said Sally, trying to imitate his tone, "I will."

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

He Had a Hard Life In the Early Days of Our Navy.

When a boy entered the naval service of the United States in the days following the war of the Revolution the highest rank obtainable was that of captain, and he had to pass through what R. Macdonough, in the "Life of Commodore Thomas Macdonough, U. S. Navy," describes as "a laborious and dangerous minority or apprenticeship" before securing the coveted prize.

In those days our midshipmen's lines were not cast in pleasant places, nor were their paths the paths of peace. Although "the wards and children of the public," as they called themselves, little or no attention seems to have been paid to their physical, mental or moral welfare.

They picked up on board ship, as best they could, the technical education necessary to fit them for their profession. Although ship schoolmasters were mentioned in connection with the service, there were few of them. There was no exacting etiquette, no rigid courtesy. Instead, there was the rude discipline of the merchantman transferred to a man-of-war—a discipline often enforced by intemperate and abusive language and occasionally by blows.

"So great were the exactions," wrote Admiral Porter in his "Memoirs of Commodore David Porter," "and so unceasing the strain on a boy's nervous temperament that only the most rugged and determined could remain in the service for any great length of time."

In 1800, when Midshipman Macdonough, afterward the hero and commander of the naval force on Lake Champlain at the beginning of the war of 1812, entered the service, he drew $19 a month in pay and was entitled to one ration a day.

This, on Sunday, consisted of a pound and a half of beef and half a pint of rice; on Monday, a pound of pork, half a pint of beans or peas, four ounces of cheese; Tuesday, a pound and a half of beef, a pound of potatoes or turnips, pudding; Wednesday, two ounces of butter or six ounces of molasses, four ounces of cheese, half a pint of rice; Thursday, a pound of pork, half a pint of peas or beans; Friday, a pound of salt fish, two ounces of butter or one gill of oil, a pound of potatoes; Saturday, a pound of pork, half a pint of peas or beans, four ounces of cheese, and every day a pound of bread.

The value of this ration was 28 cents. It was changed later, by act of congress, March 3, 1801, to a ration of a value of 20 cents.

When Midshipman Macdonough (he was sixteen when he entered the service) appeared in full dress uniform he wore a coat of blue cloth with short lapels faced with the same and ornamented with six buttons; standing collar with a diamond formed of gold lace on each side, not exceeding two inches square; slashed sleeves with small buttons, all buttonholes worked with gold thread; single breasted blue vest with flaps, no buttons to the pockets; blue or white breeches; gold laced cocked hat, shoes with buckles and a hanger.

When in undress uniform he wore a short blue coat without worked buttonholes and having a standing collar with a button and a slip of gold lace on each side. Dirks were not to be worn on shore by any officer.

This was the uniform prescribed by the navy department under Robert Smith, secretary of the navy, from 1801 to 1809.

The Value of Charcoal.

Charcoal has great value as an antiseptic. Smoked ham will keep for years packed in charcoal. A few lumps of it in a cistern will keep the water pure and sweet. A quantity of it in a cellar will absorb the odors, and a small lump boiled with cabbage or onions will do the same. Butter put into small vessels completely surrounded with charcoal will keep sweet a long time. A paste of powdered charcoal and honey makes a good dentifrice. It not only cleans the teeth, but disinfects them and sweetens the breath. Taken inwardly it is good for the digestion and relieves constipation.—National Magazine.

Uncalled For Remarks.

A city man wrote to the editor of a horticultural paper asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried grasses for winter ornaments.

The editor replied:

"Acroclinium, A. album, Gomphrena globoso and Groseum globosa carnea."

When the man read this he fairly boiled over with rage and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He said that an editor who swore in that way just because he was asked a simple question should have no support from him.—London Standard.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD — CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE

Time Table.

No. 56.

Taking effect 10:00 o'clock p. m. Sunday, Nov. 14th, 1909.

NORTH BOUND.	LEAVES.
No. 332 — Evansville Accommodation	6 00 a m
No. 302—Evansville - Mattoon Express	11 30 a m
No. 340 Princeton mixed	4 15 p m

SOUTH BOUND	ARRIVES
No. 341 -- Hopkinsville mixed	9 15 a m
No. 321— Evansville-Hopkinsville mail	3 40 p m
No. 301—Evansville-Hopkinsville Express	6,35 p m

Train No. 332 connects at Princeton for Paducah, St. Louis and way stations, also runs through to Evansville.

Train No. 302 connects at Princeton for Louisville, Cincinnati, way stations and all points East, also runs through to Evansville.

Train No. 340, local train between Hopkinsville and Princeton.

T. L. MORROW, Agent.